

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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OUR CELESTIAL VISITOR—LI HUNG CHANG.



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH this issue we send the first part of "The Mystery of the Brilliant"; or, "Mrs. Elliot's Heir," a fascinating story by Edith C. Kenyon and the Rev. R. G. Sears, B.A. Our readers will find this a tale of absorbing interest. It will be followed by "The City of Refuge," by Sir Walter Besant; "What Cheer?" by W. Clark Russell; "Life's Fitful Fever," by Edgar Fawcett, and "The Evil Eye," "Maximum" and "Con Fiochhi!" by Austria's greatest living writer of fiction. Ossip Schubin. These great works will cost the subscribers to the Fortnightly Library about four cents a copy, and after their publication in that form it will be impossible to procure them for less than \$1.50 per volume. This offer applies only to subscribers who pay \$6.50. Those who pay only \$5.00 are not entitled to the Fortnightly Library.

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SOME MEMORIES OF WHITTIER.

A MOVEMENT was recently set on foot by members of the Whittier Clubs of Amesbury, Mass., to purchase the old Whittier homestead at that place and convert it into a building to perpetuate the memory of the gentle Quaker poet. The proposition has been made to the present owner to sell the property for that purpose, the scheme involving only such alterations as would be necessary. Whether the matter has progressed further than inquiry and suggestion has not been developed, but it has revived interest in Whittier and his work, and in some directions started inquiry as to how it happened that his life was passed in what has been ironically called "single blessedness," and that the property is now held by the poet's niece instead of some one standing in a closer and dearer relation to him.

The page of personal history which necessarily becomes unfolded to public gaze in the pursuit of such a line of inquiry was so safely guarded during the lifetime of Whittier that it was only after his death that the secret of his first and only love affair became known. It dates back to the poet's schooldays, and, romantic though the tale may seem, it is now generally accepted as the solution of what has always appeared a puzzle to his friends—his never having married.

The explanation offered is that in his youth, like many others the poet loved and suffered. The story runs that in his schooldays he was smitten with the charms of a brown-eyed maiden and her winning ways. They both attended the same school, and it was a common thing to see the sturdy boy carrying the spelling-book and geography of the blushing maiden as they trod the lanes together on their way to the local temple of learning. As years went by the feeling deepened, and bright visions of the days to come were gilding the horizon of the future when the young girl, just on the verge of womanhood, sank into a decline and died. Years afterward the love of his boyhood was immortalized in verse, and the story of his early heart-sorrow comes to us in the following beautiful and touching effusion:

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning,
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out in playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled, golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving
Of one who still her steps delayed,
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
You see," the brown eyes lower fell,
"You see, because I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing;
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her, because they love him.

It is singular from what apparently trivial incidents many of the most important matters of life derive their origin. The slumbering genius of Whittier was first wakened into life by an old Scotch peddler to whom hospitality was extended one evening at the Whittier homestead. In return for kindness received the peripatetic merchant sang some of Burns's most touching melodies. Young Whittier's heart throbbed and burned with emotion as he listened, and so completely did the spirit of the Scotch poet get possession of him that he began to write verses everywhere, it is said—in the barn, under the fences, in the attic, or wherever he could do it without detection. The reading of Burns's poems in a volume procured for him by one of his earliest friends only confirmed his tastes, and a place in the "Poet's Corner" of the local paper for some of his effusions became the goal of his highest ambition.

When Whittier was about eighteen—viz., in 1826—William Lloyd Garrison, then unknown to fame, founded the Newburyport *Free Press*, and to it Whittier sent a poem entitled "The Exile's Departure." He was assisting his father in repairing a stone fence one day on the farm when the postman flung in a copy of the paper which fell at his feet exposing the "Poet's Corner," and lo! there was his poem. He was for the moment dazed.

"What is the matter with thee?" exclaimed his father as he noticed the expression on his son's face. Whittier readily excused himself, but kept his own counsel. He resumed his work on the fence, contenting himself every now and then with a furtive glance at the paper, as it still lay on the ground, to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Other poems followed, and then came the editor him-

self to make the acquaintance of his unknown poetic contributor. Young Whittier was at work in the fields when Garrison called, and, after a hurried change of clothing, the two met, and this was the beginning of the lifelong friendship, the close association of the two men who were destined in after life to be the leaders in the fight for the abolition of slavery.

But the striking the chains from the negro's fettered limbs was not the sole inspiration of the Muse of Whittier. His patriotic ballads published at intervals during the conflict between the North and South, and later in one volume under the title "In War Time," reveal the depth of his attachment to the old flag. Of these perhaps the best known is the ballad of "Barbara Frietchie," founded on a popular story, or legend, as it afterward proved, for the incident was not historically correct. Whittier had it from a Virginia lady, and the intense patriotism it revealed touched a responsive chord in his heart. The story as related to him was, that when the advance of Lee's army led by Stonewall Jackson entered Frederick every Union flag in the city was lowered. Barbara Frietchie, a widow, with strong Union sympathies, then in her ninety-seventh year, was determined to exhibit her loyalty to the old flag by hanging it out from a window in the attic of her little cottage. The Confederate soldiers seeing the flag, halted, and, at the word of command, discharged a volley at the window from which the Stars and Stripes were displayed, shattering the flag staff. Nothing dismayed, the old lady tore the flag from the broken staff, and leaning out of the window, waved it above the passing columns, daring them at the same time to fire again. No more shots were fired, however, and Barbara fastened the flag in its place, from whence it waved unmolested during the occupation of the city by the Confederates. The patriotic old lady lived to see the Federal troops enter Frederick, but died a few months afterward. Such was the story.

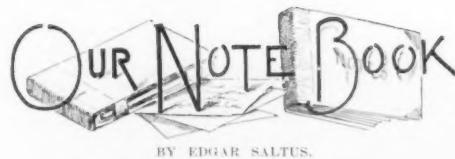
But the truth of history, with its iconoclastic tendencies, destroys this fondly cherished romance. Barbara Frietchie, it is true, lived in Frederick and was ninety-six years of age in September, 1862, when Stonewall Jackson, leading the advance of Lee's army, passed through that city. It was at five o'clock in the morning on the 10th of September, according to local history, that Jackson's army marched westward over the National Pike, while he turned aside from the line of march to pay a brief visit to an old Virginian friend, Rev. Dr. Ross of the German Reformed Church of Frederick. The hour was early, and, dismounting, he tied his horse to a large silver poplar tree—afterward known as "Stonewall Jackson's Tree"—near the Rev. Dr. Ross's house; but, failing to meet with a response to his ring, he slipped a penciled note addressed to the clergyman under the door, and, mounting his horse, rode toward where his men were marching, joining them at a point several hundred feet from the Frietchie cottage and in a different direction. Stonewall Jackson consequently never met the old lady, never was near her residence, never ordered his men to fire on her flag, and at the hour when his troops were marching through Frederick it was likely that she was peacefully slumbering, dreaming possibly of that starry flag to which she was so loyal and which she hoped to see once more wave proudly and triumphantly in the breeze.

But what of the Whittier incident and how is it to be accounted for? On what was that charming ballad founded? There are several versions given, but the one most generally credited is that before that month passed away the Federal troops entered Frederick and passed the Frietchie cottage on their line of march. Barbara, her face lighted up with patriotic enthusiasm, stood at the door waving a Union flag as General Reno, surrounded by his staff, rode by. The spectacle of an old woman thus expressing her loyalty was so unusual and remarkable that the General stopped, and, learning her name and age, raised his hat and called to his men for "Three cheers for the loyal old grandmother of ninety-six!" It is generally supposed that the visit of the Federal and Confederate troops within the same month, together with the usual exaggerations attendant on frequent recital, led to the incident assuming the shape in which the name of Barbara Frietchie became wedded to the immortal verse of Whittier.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1896]

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

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BY EDGAR SALTUS.

FROM Newport the transient guest is gone, the season is at an end, the infrequent hotels are empty. In a few weeks even the residents will be returning to town. That is the way it is, has been and presumably will be until the scientist of the future patents a mode for the injection of common sense.

Newport is a muggy place, and when it is hot in New York it is not cool there a bit. Now one does not need to be oracular to say that we have no spring. Our summer is an acrobat. Before you can get your furs out of reach of the moths it has jumped upon you. Nowadays that customs have changed and climates, too, our winters rarely begin until January. In the present year of grace it did not begin until February. Then it came, and with a vengeance. February, March, the better part of April, were simply detestable. Along toward May, without transition, without apology, the heat became Cuban. In this part of the world July and August bring with them a temperature which you can only match in Singapore. The one season left us to have and to hold and to try to enjoy is the autumn. Whatever our summers may be, however beastly our winters, the autumn is perfect. It is then that country life is fulfilled to the tips and it is then that we elect to return to town.

In England the smart people come to town in April, linger there until well into July and then return to the country. It is much the same thing in France. And save that England has every variety of climate except a decent one, there is not so much difference between there and here. Perhaps when our civilization is as old as theirs we may acquire their wisdom, too.

The union of the Astor, the Lenox and the Tilden Libraries will mean much to literary New York, when it is accomplished. Meanwhile Washington is at last to provide something worthy of our country. After seven years of construction and decoration the National Library there is approaching completion. It is to be opened in a few months. As a bit of architecture it is excellent. Some one stated in my hearing the other day that in splendor and magnificence, as well as in size, it outranks all other structures of its kind on the globe. That struck me as being rather American, or perhaps it would be more exact to say rather Chicagoan, and yet on consideration you will find that there is not much exaggeration in it. The largest and best libraries in the world are those of Paris, London and Berlin. With none of these, taken as libraries, can the one in Washington compare. Their catalogues, even incomplete, are libraries in themselves. Their literary treasures are priceless. The library in Washington has seven hundred thousand volumes, a number of documents valuable as curios, but practically nothing that could not be duplicated. The libraries of the Old World, however interesting interiorly, are not beautiful to the eye. The British Museum is hideous. The National Library of France is in a side street, in a street very narrow at that, the facade might be that of a prison. The K. K. Hofbibliothek at Berlin would never be praised by me for its beauty. But all three are comfortable, and in each of them the service is of the best. In Berlin you are permitted to cart home such books as you like. In Paris, as in London, it takes about five minutes to get any work you happen to wish. What the service is to be in Washington remains to be seen. I understand that there, also, under certain conditions you will be able to take books away with you and even have them sent to you. That in itself is a great boon. But from what I have seen and from what I can learn, the chief value of the library at Washington will consist not in its shelves but in its aspect.

It is of white granite, three stories high, four acres large; it has nearly two thousand windows and it is of the renaissance order of architecture. Four colossal figures of Atlas support the central pavilion. Over the main entrance are three pairs of spandrels, and high above these are nine busts—Demosthenes, Dante, Scott, Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Franklin,

Macaulay and Goethe. But where is Homer? What has Milton done to be forgotten? If Demosthenes, why not Cicero? If Goethe, why not Hugo? If Scott, why not Balzac? And if Macaulay, why not a dozen of his superiors? There is room enough. And where is Longfellow, where is Whittier, where is Lowell? Where, for that matter, is Cooper? Where is our one real genius, Edgar Poe?

It is in the rotunda that you find Homer; you find Shakespeare there, too. They represent poetry if you please. Now there are, of course, a great many wise people who contend that Homer never existed. But admitting that the Iliad and the Odyssey are the work of another man by the same name, admitting, too, the undisputed fact that they are stupendous, neither he nor they represent poetry, and the junction of Shakespeare does not help matters a bit. Shakespeare is a human ocean. First and foremost he was a creator, second a psychologist, third a dramatist. As a poet pure and simple Dante is his superior. As a maker of meters he doesn't hold a candle to Horace, who was a small boy beside Sappho, and both of whom Swinburne has excelled. The Iliad and the Odyssey are not poetry, they are something higher, they are operas. Yet they represent, however splendidly, but one audition of the voice of the Muse. It is she that represents poetry, not Homer, not Shakespeare, for they were but human while she is divine.

But the error has been repeated. There is a statue of Michelangelo and another of Beethoven, and these represent Art. There is many a better painter than Michelangelo, many a composer by whom Beethoven is excelled. Art is too universal, too diverse and complex, to be represented otherwise than allegorically. Besides, music is not art, it is vapor; and painting is but one of its expressions. "Art," some one somewhere sagely stated, "is a corner of the cosmos interpreted by a temperament." Cities and cemeteries are filled with artists who had nothing in common with Michelangelo, whose conceptions and Beethoven's differed in every way. Personally, if I may venture to speak of myself, I prefer Wagner's "Siegfried" to all that Beethoven wrote, and would rather have one good modern painting than a dozen old masters. And so, too, I take it, would you.

But to get back to the rotunda. Two statues there, one of Herodotus and the other of Gibbon, represent History. The choice could not have been worse. Herodotus is extremely interesting; so, too, is Gibbon; so, for that matter, is Zola, and Balzac, and Paul Bourget. But the secret of detaining the reader does not constitute the historian. It is a mistake to suppose that the historian is a privileged liar; he isn't, he is a bore. It is his duty to supply facts, not fancies. For light reading there is nothing, barring Dumas, as entertaining as Michelit's History of France unless it happens to be Gibbon's Rome. And as for Herodotus his credulity was only surpassed by Pliny and his tales by Baron Monchauseen.

There are other delights in that rotunda: there is a statue of Plato, for instance, and another of Bacon, and these represent Philosophy. But Bacon was not a philosopher, he was an essayist. Plato was a philosopher, so also was Kant. They are two giants calling to each other across the centuries. Descartes was a philosopher, a typical one. There was Spinoza, who was tip-top. There was Hegel and there was Fichte, and many another beside, to choose from. Why, then, take Bacon?

And to represent Law why take Kent, as has been done, when Blackstone is infinitely more representative? And for Religion why have Moses and St. Paul been selected when the creed of Christendom has ever been represented by Mary?

Columbus is there, and what do you suppose he typifies? The Explorer? Not a bit of it. Conquest? Still less. Determination? No, not that. Columbus represents Commerce if you please, and there, as the French say, is the pearl.

So much for the rotunda.

In the adjoining hall there is by way of recompense some excellent work—fire panels by Vedder, for instance, done in oil, framed in marble, mounted on white lead, and pictorial of Government Good and Government Bad. Panels, let us hope, which our legislators will study, our representatives, too, and the powers that be. In addition there is some admirable work by McEwen, representative of love and lore in Greece. Gutherz has some exquisite

conceptions of Light. And on the ceiling is Apollo, driving his chariot, chased by the elements, pursued by Earth, Water, Fire and Air.

As a building the library is very fine. As a library it is too decorative. "This is the Pharmacy of the Soul" was writ above the door of the library in Alexandria. "This is the Show-Place of America" may be inscribed on this museum of ours.

Do real ladies smoke? is a problem which a St. Louis paper propounds. What a real lady may be, what she does or leaves undone are mysteries to me. But that gentlewoman, with the entire approbation of their husbands, do smoke is certain. They smoke here, they smoke in England, they smoke in France and particularly in Russia. And why should they not? What is there, after all, in smoking which is so offensive to the minds of the middle classes? I can remember in New England an hour when smoking was regarded as a vice, when men who smoked had about them an imaginary barroom atmosphere and when a woman who smoked would have been regarded as a creature forever lost, unfit to live in a decent community. And in many localities still there is an unfathomable prejudice against women who smoke. In this country a high-bred woman, whatever her tastes may be, will not in this respect openly offend. In England an underbred woman will be just as particular, yet not because she fears to offend, but because of a desire to accentuate her respectability. A howling swell is more indifferent. At the Savoy in London, where, of a Sunday evening, the smartest people dine, I have seen a Duchess smoke and an anonyma refuse to. It is a question of position.

At Geneva, a few years ago, I was seated one day on the terrace of the Hotel National. At an adjoining table was a man and two women. The man had a cup of coffee before him, the women were smoking. There was a band playing. Beyond was the loveliness of the lake. And up and down the terrace people strolled. Presently a fat lady sailed up. She was talking to her husband, dropping her b's along the path. She was dressed in purple. When she approached those women you could see her catch her breath and you could hear her exclaim that it was shocking. As a matter of fact she was shocked, there was no pretense about it.

The man got from his seat, approached the couple, raised his hat, and with a slight accent spoke as follows:

"Sir, I heard the lady who is with you say 'Shocking.' Will you be good enough to interpret to me what she meant?"

"Oh," said the husband, "she just said that because she thought it queer to see ladies smoking in public."

"She so presumed, did she? Well, I think it shocking for a woman to speak in an elevated tone of voice. Now I am Prince of Leinigen, cousin of your Queen. Every time you pass me and the Princesses Demidorf, who are with me, you will bow."

The shopkeepers from Bloomsbury did. They passed and repassed, and bowed and bowed. They went to Vevay, they went to Onchy, to Montreux, and told all who would listen of their friends, the Ladies Demidorf and the Prince. That is what snobbery will do; now for stupidity.

In a railway carriage in France a woman sat. A man got in, looked at her, read his paper, looked at her again, pulled out a cigar, leaned forward and said: "Do you object to smoking?"

Then the woman looked at him, looked him up and down, and answered slowly:

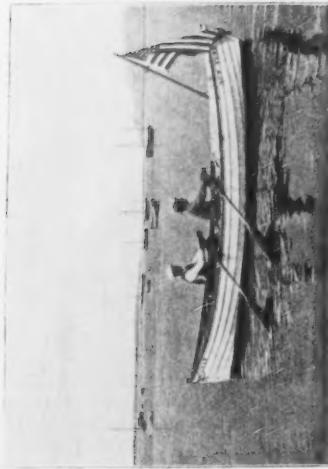
"Really, I cannot tell, no one has ever smoked before me."

Abashed, the man drew back, replaced his cigar, masked himself with his paper. But the reply was too good to keep. He told it later, others told it. It went circulating about till it reached the ears of a little chorus girl whom it delighted. "I'll get that off," she promised herself, "the first time I get the chance."

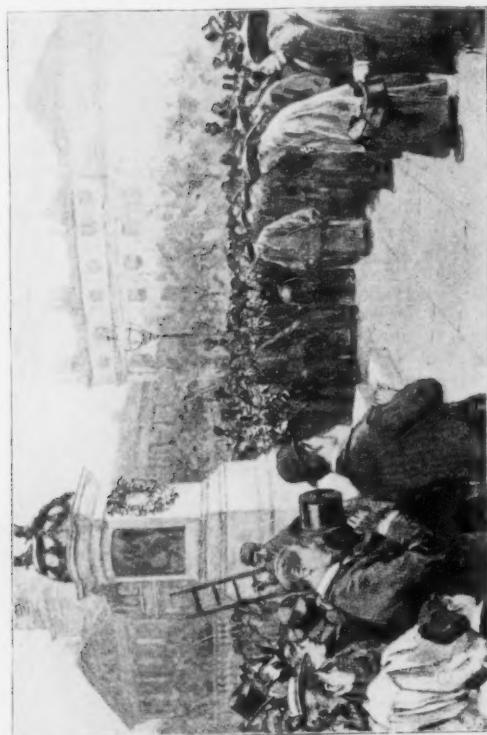
Omnia cunctanti. In the course of time she, too, sat in a railway carriage, and to her also a man leaned and said: "Do you object to smoking?"

It was the opportunity for which she had waited, and with a smirk she took it. "Really," she replied, "no one has ever asked me before."

And at the moment she could not understand why the man roared in her face.



ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A ROWING BOAT—THE FOX

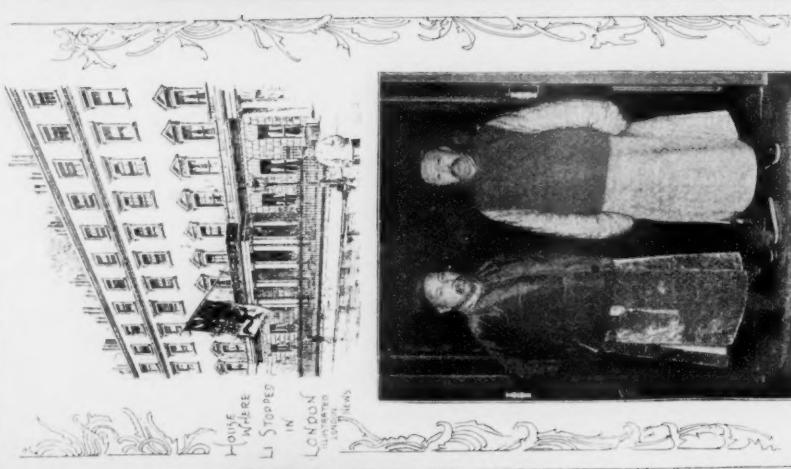
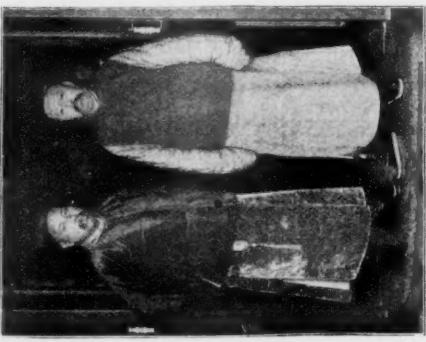


A TRIBUTE TO CHINESE GORDON LI HUNG CHANG PLACING A WREATH ON THE STATUE



LI HUNG CHANG AT LORD SALISBURY'S GARDEN PARTY AT MATFIELD

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

HOUSE WHERE
LI STOPPED
IN
LONDON
Illustrated London News

LI HUNG CHANG'S ADOPTED SON AND INTERPRETER LI HUNG CHANG AT OSBORNE LEAVING THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE AFTER THE CEREMONY



THE LATE LADY TENNYSON



EUROPEAN SKETCHES.



PLAYING SHOP.



BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

VI.

MR. VANCE THOMPSON, in one of our favorite evening journals, has lately put forth a wail desiring to know if there is not any "charitable millionaire who will found an institution for educating critics." With all respect for Mr. Thompson himself as a critic of talent and discrimination, I should like very much to hear him explain the ambiguity of his lament. Does the gentleman wish to suggest, for example, that he is not an educated critic himself? If so, I should be disinclined to agree with him; but, in any case, what might a school for the education of critics amount to? Would it not simply serve to perpetuate prejudice and dogma, already so marked an element of all literary discussion? For criticism is not errorless in any of its judgments. It is not scientific, and can never be made so until the element of personal taste is divorced from it; and this result could only take place when the mystery is reached which lies behind final causes. The French long ago sought to create a science of criticism, but their worshiped Sainte Beuve was the most arbitrary and despotic of dictators, and notwithstanding the general excellence of their literature they are to-day a living refutation of this critical attitude. Their "dervishes of song," to quote Longfellow, grow more delirious every year, perhaps because the marble muse of Leconte de Lisle has no longer power to look peace upon them. It seems incredible that in one century so much grotesque and somersault delinquency of method and meaning should coexist with the leonine poetic force of Hugo and the rainbow poetic loveliness of Gautier. Yet there are to-day certain French "critics," no doubt, who honestly believe, not only that Maeterlinck is worthy of sensible consideration but that he is the equal of these two sovereign singers.

What we do need in criticism is not half so much education as sincerity. How many of the people who write at the present hour in praise of Mr. George Meredith's novels really enjoy them, really believe that they are not commonplace, fantastically filigreed with an appearance of being wise, and that this appearance would melt from them in an instant, provided their zigzag verbosities were turned into sane English prose? The only persons who feel differently are those who have been made to feel so when quite young. I never met an adult of brains whom you could fool with Mr. Meredith. The intelligent readers who do not at once lose patience with him are young men and women who have learned through essayists that it is a mark of great "culture" to care for him. The "fad" was started in England several years ago, and those who exploited it had newspapers and journals at their command. They made it "successful" on this account. A deservedly obscure writer, who had been the almost unknown contemporary of Dickens and Thackeray, who had twisted his native language into thousands of outlandish snarls, was made the recipient of eulogies galore, and quoted from copiously as "inspired," in passages where those who love pure art and loathe mountebank attitudinizing saw everything to condemn.

All this would have been rather diverting than deplorable, like every other instance of its kind, but for the unhappy effect on younger generations of critics. By critics I mean everybody who has an opinion and also a desire to express it, for there have never been any other kinds of critics, and every criticism (when at all valuable) is inevitably the output of an unbiased individual impression. But young critics nearly always labor under the disadvantage of not thinking for themselves. Often, when employed by editorial authorities, they are sorely tempted not to think for themselves; they must repeat, with unimportant variations, the cut and dried verdicts of their elders. Nor is it only that: they insist on listening to the echoes of other voices, for immaturity and imitation walk hand-in-hand. Hence charlatans in literature are sometimes applauded for years. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" was raved over in England. The late Dr. Nairne, profes-

sor of Belles Lettres in Columbia College, told me that for a long time he was one among the very few scholars and bookmen who repudiated and denounced its American cult. Upon myself, as I distinctly recall, the effect of a universal disapprobation of Tennyson, thirty years ago, was sadly misleading. He had then composed many of his noblest masterpieces, and yet it was the fashion to pour abuse upon him as an affected, effeminate writer. In thinking how he was persistently sneered at, how he was called "silly" and "maudlin" and "third-rate," how he was placed far below Byron and Shelley and even Scott, there are times when I can scarcely realize that this "schoolgirl Alfred" (as the elder Lord Lytton called him) now lies buried in Westminster Abbey and is now never alluded to except with reverence. The very man who has just succeeded to his Laureateship—Mr. Alfred Austin—attacked him contemptuously in the pages of a popular London magazine. Here was a striking case of just what I wish to show—that criticism, which is at its best personal opinion delivered through one intelligence, one human entity, one assertive human temperament, too often misses the sincerity which alone can make it worthy of note, no matter how striking is the rhetoric which clothes it, no matter how neat and apt and adroit are the tricks and schemes of verbalism bodying it forth.

In the same journal* which contained the article I have mentioned—the article suggesting that some charitable millionaire should found a school of critics—I have lighted on another, anonymous, and yet tinted with what addresses me as the same mistaken prejudice. "Literary Temperance" it is called, and it earnestly advises authors to learn the "lesson of restraint" and to cultivate the "asceticism of art." Now there are certain authors whom this system of discipline might benefit, others to whom it would be ruinous. The late Robert Louis Stevenson (with a frankness which in some men of letters would have been held as a mountainous example of published self-appreciation, but which in him was extolled by admirers and votaries as the most gracious and bewitching of "confessions") once told us, quite profusely, how he "taught himself to write." But in so teaching, Stevenson chose his own method, and every mortal, if he ever wishes to approximate success, must do the same. There is not only no royal road to fine literary achievement, but there is no road at all. It is simply a little briery and craggy footpath, replete for its traveler with laceration and fatigue. Mr. Thompson's proposed "institution" could do no better for authors than for critics. Schools where painters, musicians, sculptors and even actors may learn the rudiments of their various arts can never be too zealous or too plenteous. But the rudiments of literature are not to be taught in that way. They are a product of early tuition; they are the rules of grammar; they are what we have supposedly acquired when we begin to write at all. Everything else must come to us by the exercise of patience, discretion, observation, provided we possess the native attitude. Authors must "educate" themselves. No written primer will serve them. Study of the best models may of course have its weight, but even this course is perilous except to the creative mind—the mind that can and will cut loose from all imitative influences, and that gains through solitary readings and professorial discourses merely a general sense of what is vicious and imprudent. Theophile Gautier, in one of his most perfect prose treatises, tells us of how the son of wealthy parents, both strongly literary, was urged to become a poet. Men of eminence in the realm of verse were employed as his tutors for years. His talent was remarkable, and his metrical facility distinct. But in the end he attained nothing except mediocrity, and left not even the light shalllop of a single memorable quatrain to float unwrecked on the tides of time.

Critics, as I have said, are "educated" too much. If they wish to win any special attention for their declarations it behoves them to make these as authentic, as markedly their own, as in all sincerity they can. I wish to repeat and accentuate that word "sincerity." If, as we are now assured, it has become with us an age of newspaper precedence, then let the youthful journalistic ability of which we hear so much try to win its critical spurs by writing of authors what it conscientiously believes.

Not long ago one of the most prominent of American writers said to me: "There are passages in Thackeray which I would not be willing to sign." I do not know if he would also be willing to put this statement in print, but I think that if he honestly meant it he ought to be willing. Bad books are wantonly lauded and good books as wantonly neglected through the indolence, timidity and parrot-like repetitional tendencies of those who "review" them. We do not want a chorus of critical voices all singing the same tune. We want a multitude, so to speak, of solo strains. Let the public discriminate, differentiate. A man who has a sincere opinion about a book, provided the opinion be positively sincere, should not dread having his affirmations decried as generated by spleen or egotism or a desire to exploit his own penetrative cleverness. He should not be afraid of unpopularity. Selfish motives will almost certainly be attributed to him in proportion to the originality of his utterance. If he disbelieves in Dickens or George Eliot or Hawthorne—if he disbelieves in even Shakespeare himself—I would far rather read his sincere reasons for such revolt, sincerely expressed, than all the elegant or vivid or vigorous dissertations of his conservative, self-distrusting and "trimming" brothers. There is not the least danger of his doing any harm to the great established geniuses unless he can find a hole in the armor of their fame big enough for his attacking spear to enter it.

Not long ago the *Evening Post* truly said that a boomed book does not necessarily succeed, but that no book nowadays will succeed unless it is boomed. By all means, then, let books go on failing till the end of time, if they can succeed in no other way. For the booming of a book means a certain deliberate plot, or at most an instinctive agreement, on the part of a clique. Critics forget that in copying each other they copy each other's blunders. A noteworthy instance of this occurs to me. Some time ago I wrote and published a novel named "The House at High Bridge." Its argument dealt chiefly with a literary event; you might have called it, in fact, a novel about a novel. Mr. Horace E. Scudder fiercely assailed it for this reason, and affirmed that a story planned, like this, on a literary subject was wholly inadmissible. As a proof of how wrong Mr. Scudder was (and also of how futile is all axiomatic critical "education") we need only to read some of Mr. Henry James's later tales, such as "The Lesson and the Master," "The Author of Beltraffio," "The Middle Years," "The Figure in the Carpet," "The Next Time," and four or five others. All these treat of literature and literary happenings, and they are all, in their varied ways, very brilliant accomplishments. But Mr. Scudder, treasuring some principle or precept of criticism, would have obstructed, by his own showing, had he been able, the composition of these delightful little masterpieces.

American critics do not only watch and imitate one another; they too often filch sentences of praise or blame off the very pen-nibs of their English contemporaries. They, who should study no fellow-critic at all, who should look into their own minds and write, constantly repeat concerning this or that new work, the ideas of Fleet Street and the Strand. English critics, on the contrary, take an opposite course. Only the other day I read in the London *Athenaeum* a scathing denunciation of "our own" new and very popular novel, "Tom Grogan." Here this book has received nothing but laudation. Somebody set the critical ball rolling, and scores of others have given it a kindly kick. It cannot be too often asserted that no ball and no kickers should exist; nor can it be too often iterated that the true critic must strictly concern himself with his own creeds, and concede that those of his next-door neighbor are of no import—nay, that they are a bane and clog to him, in any vital and separative performance at which he may aim. Throw "schools" to the dogs, as Shakespeare said of physics. What all living authors crave for their work is personal sincerity of handling. Ten sincere opinions may not guide them, but the eleventh may be of vital help. Let every sincere critic (I still persist in harping on that word "sincerity") try if he cannot, in some aidful way, to some author of whose need and longing for advice and encouragement he may himself be ignorant, become that same benignant and salutary "eleventh"!

* The *Commercial Advertiser*.



GOOD-BY TO SUMMER.

BY J. J. MEEHAN.

SONG of the summer near at hand,
Good-by, good-by;
Song of the birds in husky blend,
Good-by, good-by;
Song of the reaper's creaking wain,
Song of the mountain rain—God's rain—
Song of the gleaners, home again—
Good-by, good-by.

Golden-rod on the dusty hill,
Good-by, good-by;
Withered flowers in the meadow still,
Good-by, good-by;
Ghosts that breathed in the languid sun,
Perfumes scattered and petals spun,
Pleasures ended and courses run,
Good-by, good-by.

Maiden and lover now shall part,
Good-by, good-by;
Mournful smile o'er a mournful heart,
Good-by, good-by;
Rushing clouds 'neath the harvest moon,
Memories of the August noon,
Summer goeth soon, ah soon,
Good-by, good-by!

ROSE LYRICS.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

I.
DOWN in my fair rose garden,
My dreamy garden-close,
There stands for stately warden
One sweet blush rose.

Here I outpoured my passion
When the night airs were hushed;
Since then, in maiden fashion,
The rose has blushed.

II

I walked with her, my winsome rose,
Ere yet declined the golden day,
(Our hearts in happy love-repose),
Adown the sloping garden way.

One flower, with crimson cheeks aglow,
Tossed sudden back a queenly head:
Forsooth the jealous jacqueminot
Envied my love her lips so red!

III

In at the open blind,
In the lull of the summer rain,
The wandering twilight wind
Wafted a low refrain.

So, silently I stole
From Thought at her vesper loom,
Where melody's silvery soul
Seemed hid in the sweet gray gloom.

And there, in the fragrant hush,
In the heart of the garden-close,
A gay and gallant thrush
Was making love to a rose.

IV

Silence—mysterious sense—
Close-folded all;
Subtile it seemed, and tense
And passional.

For with mute soul-appeal,
That night in June,
The moon-gold Maréchal Niel
Yearned toward the moon.

WHEN THE QUAILS BEGIN TO CALL.

BY LALIA MITCHELL.

I'm gittin' out my rubber coat, en seein' if 'twill do
To keep the mud en water off another season through;
A-lookin' up the powder-flask my father allus wore,
En cleanin' out the gun that hangs above the kitchen
door.
We've bought a couple pounds of shot en put 'em in the
bag.
En filled the brandy bottle up fer fear our spirits lag;
Fer any one 'll tell ye, if he knows the woods at all.
It's time to go a-huntin' when the quails begin to call.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

We're goin' down the river, till we git to Bigses wood.
En set our camp beside the creek—he allus said we
could:
En so we take our lines along, en like as not go out
En rest ourselves by pullin' in a dozen speckled trout.
There's rabbits in the underbrush, look any way ye
please,
En pheasant drummin' all about, en squirrels in the
trees.
I'd hate to tell ye what I've shot—ye'd think I dreamed
it all—

In Bigses woods about the time the quails begin to call.

It's little use to talk to me o' politics en sich.
I ain't a-carin' much fer fame or who is gittin' rich;
I'd rather take my yaller dog en wander off alone
Than be the king a-settin' on a velvet-covered throne.
Ner wouldn't let 'em have my chance ter ketch a saucy
coon

For all the honor lyin' 'twixt this country en the moon;
En any man who stays at home ain't got no spunk at all.
It's time to go a-huntin' when the quails begin to call.

THE POLO CHAMPIONSHIP.

After a series of interesting but indecisive struggles on various battlegrounds for local trophies, and under varying conditions, the leading teams of the Polo Association, relieved of handicap restriction, will fight out their final battle for the championship at Prospect Park Parade Ground, Brooklyn. Beginning Septem-



POLO ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP CUP, HELD BY MYOPIA HUNT CLUB TEAM.

ber 8, the tournament will continue till September 12, when the champions of the year will have won their hard-earned laurels, the "laurels" in this instance being a splendid cup presented by Mr. William Waldorf Astor through the Tuxedo Club, to be retained one year by the winning team.

From the present outlook the contests will be fiercer than ever before, the pace faster and more furious. The ancient rivalry between Rockaway and Meadowbrook that of old gave such a stimulus to the game has, with the passing of Myopia supremacy, revived. Not that the Boston contingent has lost its prowess; on the contrary, "Bobby" Shaw wields the mallet as brilliantly as before, while the famous "back-stroke" of Agazzis is equally effective. But somehow the older clubs seem to have mustered new ambition, and the names of Keene, Cowdin and Eustis reclaimed something of their former glory. And so this year we may look forward to a "battle royal" between these "past-masters" of the royal game.

Something, too, of the revival of interest in polo may be ascribed to the transfer of the scene of action from Newport to Brooklyn and its consequent redemption from the realms of the "merely fashionable." Necessarily the rich man's game to play, polo has in it elements of popularity that appeal alike to rich and poor. Witness "Deadhead Hill" with its audience of

unfashionable enthusiasts—a more effective monument to the real merits of a manly game than the longest line of glittering coaches, each with its burden of beauty. Broadly speaking, then, in the interest, not of the fashionable few but of the sport-loving many, the change from Newport to Prospect Park is a move in the right direction. To popularize polo and give it the additional incentive of popular interest is more than politic, it is wise and far seeing.

In nothing does true democracy assert itself as in sport, and though the poor man may not be able to purchase polo ponies for himself, it is well that he should see that the "rich man's game," so-called, is also a game where skill and courage and *hard work* win the day, which is a useful lesson. Those who would preserve polo as an exotic for "the elect" alone are blind to the best interests of the game, and it is to the credit of Mr. H. L. Herbert, the indefatigable chairman of the Association, who has done so much for polo in this country, that he has striven manfully and admirably succeeded in his efforts for the popularization of this glorious game.

R. J. C.

INVALUABLE CORRESPONDENCE.

"When Thomas Bailey Aldrich received recently a letter from his friend Professor E. S. Morse, the accomplished ex-president of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science, he found the handwriting absolutely illegible, whereupon he indited the following reply: 'My dear Mr. Morse—It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think that I mastered anything beyond the date—which I knew—and the signature—which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours: it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning, "There's a letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able, in the course of a few years, to make out what he means by those 't's that look like 'w's, and those 'i's that haven't any eyebrows." Other letters are read and thrown away, and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.—Admirably yours, T. B. ALDRICH.'"

A WEALTHY VAGRANT.

"Among the vagrants caught on the recent raids on the Bois de Boulogne," says the New York *Sun*, "was a man who proved that he had an income of six thousand francs a year. He declared that he had not slept under a roof in ten years, and that he could not breathe behind a shut door. He spent his days in the National Library, went to a theater in the evening, then turned into the Bois or under a bridge to sleep. He kept a trunk with clothes at a railroad station, and went into the washroom there to change whenever he felt it was necessary. The police say that he spends a good deal of money in charity. They had to release him."

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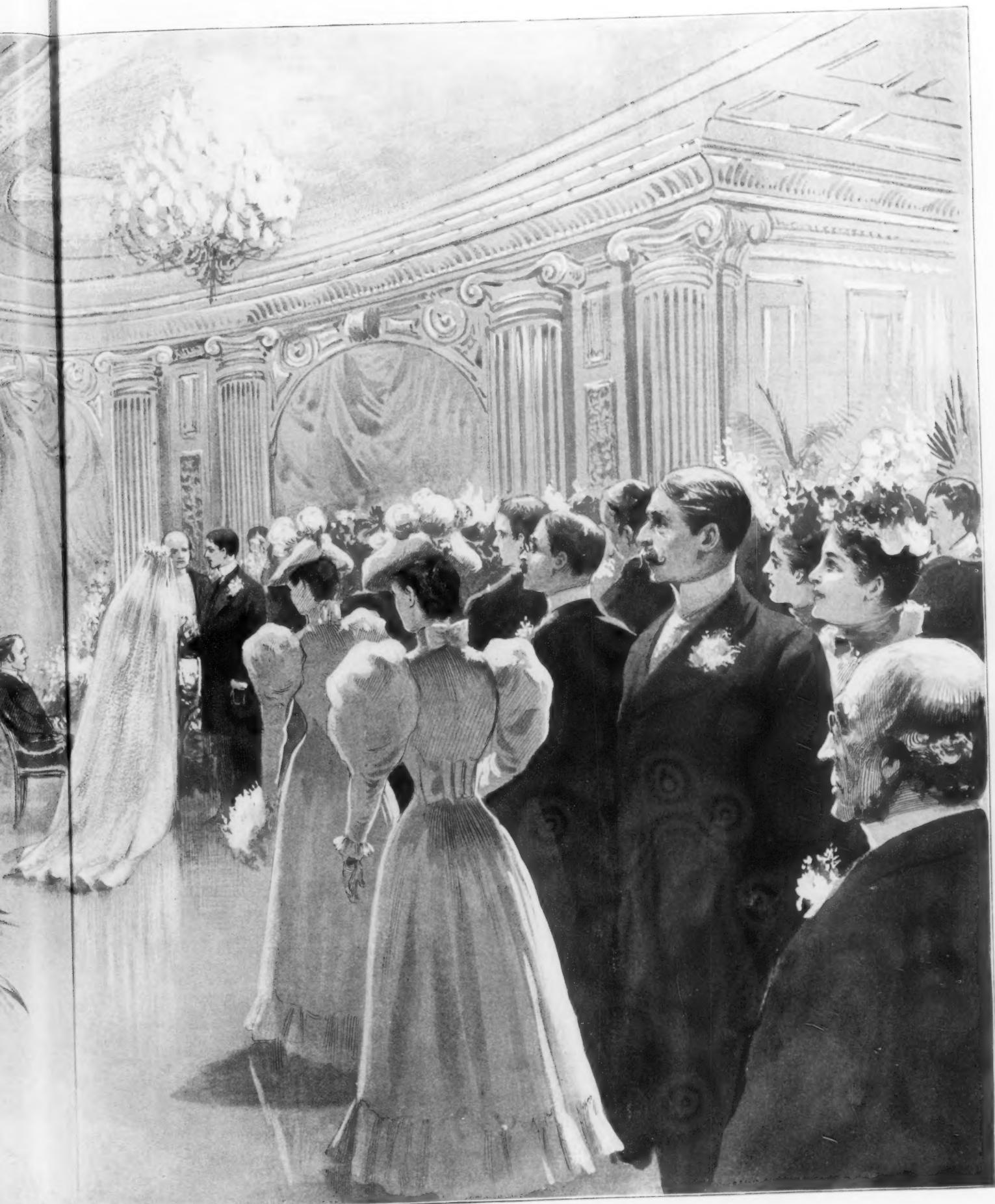
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AN AMERICAN HEIRESS WEDS AN AMERICAN.—MARRIAGE OF GE



GE OF GERTRUDE VANDERBILT AND HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AT NEWPORT.



II.

CHANGING THE PAST.

I WAS a year behind time in reading the little book by a new English writer, Mr. Wells, called "The Time Machine." It is a good stroke of imagination, and shows the literary faculty. The story forecasts the future of the world—the very remote future—and develops some interesting theories. Mr. Wells is not the first of the prophets, of course, but he is entitled to his place. The most entertaining part of the tale to me is that which is concerned with the Time Machine itself, a fresh conception so far as I know. It is a sort of transcendental engine, on which you mount as on a stationary bicycle, and which carries you at any speed you choose into the future or the past. Mr. Wells selects the future for his traveling; but the field of the past might have proved even more astonishing. Indeed, at the end of the book, there seems to be a loose end left out which might lead to a sequel having the past for its topic. Meanwhile, one cannot resist the temptation to indulge in a little speculation on one's own account.

The extent to which an active, well-informed and energetic human being of to-day might change the past, could he get in actual contact with it, seems almost illimitable. His power over those who would then be his contemporaries would be incalculable, because his knowledge of history would endow him with that foresight which we have all recognized to be (if one could obtain it) practically omnipotent in human affairs. If I certainly know what is to happen to-morrow or next year, I can almost certainly prevent its happening, if I choose. Human history is written, and we are accustomed to say that it is irrevocable; but once admit me back of any given date in human history, and I will mold and modify it to suit my humor. The stipulation is undoubtedly important; but Mr. Wells is responsible for that. He has got the machine, and all we have to do is to mount astride it and set off.

I throw over the "Past" lever, and go careering backward through the years until I reach an historical period that suits me. Suppose I put on the brakes about the time of Julius Caesar. In my strolls about the Eternal City I happen upon traces of the conspiracy of Brutus and Cassius against the life of the greatest of Romans. I have always had a partiality for Caesar, and I resolve to prevent his assassination. Nothing could be easier than to carry out my resolve. Having admitted the fundamental miracle of my being there and then, no further miracles are required. We know how strict is the logic of events. All I have to do is to remove the cause of any one of the consequences which led up to Caesar's assassination, and the thing is done. Julius lives, and who shall limit the issues of that single fact? The Triumvirate vanishes; the story of Antony and Cleopatra is no more; there is no longer any tale of the Fall of the Roman Empire for Gibbon to tell. The whole course of human destiny is diverted. No record of what has occurred since Julius fell at the base of Pompey's statue is worth the paper it is writ on; history becomes but a tissue of ingenious fictions. Or, if you insist that history was true, I reply that nevertheless it is not; the tale is true and false as well. The very books that relate the past no longer exist, because the causes which led to their writing are removed; and yet they do exist, because are they not on our bookshelves? We ourselves who dispute about the matter have no existence, because the beginnings which authorized us are no more; and the mere circumstance that we seem to ourselves to stand here arguing counts for nothing. Nay, I myself, who am the agent of the change, have in changing history annihilated myself, and how then can I have changed it? But the more you prove I am not, the more surely do you prove that I am, since it was only by being that it became possible for me not to be.

I willingly concede that my powers will be rather negative than passive; prevention, not

creation, will be my forte. But I am content with this limitation; prevention is itself creation in an indirect sense. Suppose I prevent the conquest of the Roman Empire by the Goths; shall I not thereby create a new and unconceived Europe, the precedent of an unimagined America? Or, if you prefer, I decree that William the Norman shall be slain and his army overthrown by Harold at the battle of Hastings; that Richard the Third shall be smothered in his cradle; that Charles the First shall overcome Cromwell; that Shakespeare shall never be born! And then what becomes of the immortal plays that you and I have read? Obviously, they were never written; we never read them; the entire complexion of modern literature is metamorphosed; the culture which we have acquired through it has no existence; the Shakespeare Societies and their interpretations—where are they? The books are there, you say. Yes, but they could never have been written; the ideas are in our heads. Yes, but they are not, all the same. And we, consequently, are ourselves and not ourselves at once. We cannot live without logic, and yet logic it is that kills us. Reality is illusion.

The situation is not less interesting if we turn from the sweeping data of history to the particular life of the individual. Permit me to suppose that you are a married man with several children. You and your wife have been wedded partners for a quarter of a century. You have had your troubles and quarrels, your rewards and reconciliations; your characters have been profoundly modified by each other; you are quite different morally and intellectually from what you would have been apart from each other's influence. Your children resemble you and differ from you as children will. Some of them have themselves married, and entered on their own worldly careers. They have been acted on by their environment and have in turn acted on it, and the earth is not quite the same as it would have been but for them.

Now, if you please, I mount my Time Machine, and set myself back to the period shortly before you first met the young lady destined to be your wife. I so dispose matters that you never meet her. Inevitably, then, you never marry her. Your children were never born; nothing resembling them is any longer conceivable. The modifications in your character and hers which your union and its consequences entailed are non-existent. The various effects produced upon your surroundings and friends by your existence and contact not only cease to operate—they were never in operation at all. In fact, these friends and surroundings are not and never were. With your disappearance, they disappear.

But this is not all. It is easy enough to conceive that what is might have been otherwise. In the present case, we do not get off nearly so easily. The element of the Time Machine introduces a wholly new situation. In all the life we have yet been able to imagine, cause was essential to effect, and effect was absolutely dependent upon cause. But here we have a predicament in which the cause of effects already existing is removed. Your children are before you, substantial facts, to be seen, heard and felt; but since I have been back in time and destroyed the conditions necessary to their existence, there is no explanation of that existence—no possibility of it; consequently your perception of them must be sheer illusion on your part. My action upon the conditions was subsequent to the results of those conditions, but it was notwithstanding anterior to them also; while your senses tell you one story, deductions whose veracity your reason is powerless to question prove the opposite. The axiom, What is, is, is no longer defensible; you can at best say, What is not, was. And even this is anything but satisfactory, since the children who are our present instance cannot be said not to be, inasmuch as they have not died; therefore we cannot say they "were," in the sense that they are no more. But if they are, then, according to our new axiom, they were not; and if they have not been, how can they be?

There is another aspect still to be considered, perhaps the most perplexing of all. We will with your permission employ your wife as the text of the argument. This good lady, during her five-and-twenty years of connubial experience, has become what you so well know her to be. She is, first, a wife—and your wife; secondly, she is a mother, and the mother of your

children. But it now turns out that you never met her. Therefore, instead of marrying her, you either remained a bachelor or married some one else; and the like observation applies to her. Did she remain unwed? Then she is still a maid, and has never known the love of husband and maternal love. Did she marry another? Then her children are not yours, the home she has passed her life in you never entered, in the experiences which have molded her character you have had no part. In either case, logic demands that she must be at the same time both herself and another self. She is a maid, and a wife; your wife, and his. She has known maternity, and she has not known it. As Mrs. Smith, she might be introduced to herself as Mrs. Brown; as Mrs. Brown, she might give the benefit of her experience to herself as Miss Jones. Her children as Mrs. Brown might marry her children as Mrs. Smith. Meanwhile, you yourself would have been undergoing similar vagaries of the individuality, and between the lot of you who shall say what might not be the outcome?

Let us now forsake the matrimonial illustration, and see what influence the Time Machine can exert upon the personal experience. Let us suppose that, at the age of twenty-five, you committed a murder; that the crime was brought home to you, and that you were duly executed therefor. You may regard this as a serious matter; but, with the intervention of the Machine, you will see how readily these obnoxious appearances are disposed of.

You had, of course, a motive for the murder; and I proceed upon my mystic steed to a period antedating the existence of that motive by as long a time as may appear expedient. By a touch here, a word there, I so modify your point of view and the murdered person's conduct and movements, that you find in him no obstacle to your happiness or convenience, and therefore never make any attempt upon his life. Since you did not kill him, you are not arrested, tried and convicted of doing so; and therefore you were never executed, but, on the contrary, you are still living in peace and comfort, and with the esteem of your friends and family. Your notion that you are dead was a sheer error; the conviction of those who knew you that your body was lying under a load of quicklime in the prison cemetery is a ridiculous mistake. They may go and dig up your remains and show them to you, but you, on the other hand, show them yourself in life and health, and what are they to reply? The lawyer who procured your conviction may have thereby laid the foundation of his professional reputation, yet nothing is more certain than that you never stood the trial on which he attacked you. His reputation and your demise vanish together. The grief and disgrace which fell upon your family in consequence of your shameful end, which drove your wife insane and killed your venerable mother—how are these to be predicated of a man whose repute in the community has never sustained a stain? Your wife looks up and smiles from the chair at your fireside, and your dear old mother comes in from her walk in the open air and declares she has not felt so hearty in years. And what of your victim—the fellow-creature whose blood you foully shed, and the vision of whose corpse haunted your waking and sleeping dreams until the moment when the final darkness closed around you? What nonsense are we talking! Here comes the murdered man, punctual to the minute to your invitation to dinner. His dust has long been mingled with the elements, but here he is, rosy and hungry, entering with a pleasant jest on his lips, and a kiss for the baby, and a compliment for your spouse. Feel his hearty grip of your hand! And yet you are both dead, and you murdered him.

Or, if you like it better, let us have it that you, who have lived a life of innocence and uprightness, and are a credit to the human race and a pillar of the State—that you, in consequence of my manipulation of past conditions with my Machine, are a criminal of the deepest dye; you have been a thief of trusts confided to your charge, you have betrayed your neighbor's wife, and you have killed him in cold blood when he discovered your treachery. You were hanged for the deed, amid the execrations of the world. You fancy you are alive, but for a score of years you have been rotting in your grave. Your memory will be a byword forever, and at the same time you are going down to posterity as an honor and ornament to your

species. All that you suppose has happened during the years since that fatal day which I have just created in your past is more baseless than a dream. Indeed, why shall we not say that you actually disappear from the place where you have seemed to yourself to be, leaving a gap in nature—a moral and physical vacuum? You may object that in that case you will carry with you all with which, in that interval, you have been associated; that is nothing to the operator of the Time Machine. He is omnipotent, but is impotent to change what he has changed.

Shall we go further? Man has a soul, which is affected by his every act. It is strengthened by good, enfeebled by sin. As his life has been, so is he, not in this world only, but in the next. The house which he dwells in, in that world, is built by the deeds he does in this. He lives a blessed spirit, or subsists a demon of evil, according to the record in the Book of Life. How does the Time Machine affect him? Shall it not, according to its whim, tear him from his happiness in heaven, or uplift him from his durance in hell? Do you plead that the influence which has all power in Time can have none in Eternity? Even if this be so, yet the conditions of Eternity are laid down in time, and, if I alter those conditions, your Eternity was a vision.

These speculations are but an outline and a hint of what the Time Machine has in reserve. Decidedly, Mr. Wells has not exhausted his invention. The moral it teaches is an old one—that all is Maya—Illusion, save only the ways of God, which are unchangeable. You may have either God, or the Time Machine; you cannot have both. Those who deny the one cannot reason against the other.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE CHANGE IN JOHN MERRIMAN.

BY EDITH ELMER WOOD.

THE first time I saw John Merriman was in a crowded lecture hall. I came in late, and, to my surprise, found myself in an atmosphere of suppressed excitement and enthusiasm. There was no whispering. There were no stray glances. Every eye was fastened on the speaker. Every face showed interest and attention.

Merriman was holding them spellbound even more by the charm of his personality than by the force of his arguments. He had a great deal in his favor. In the first place, he was remarkably handsome. His face was at once suggestive of Lord Byron and of Guido Reni's St. Sebastian. The two are not so unlike when one comes to compare them. Both have the same regularity of feature, the broad white forehead surmounted by wavy chestnut hair, the eloquent eyes, the mouth shaped like a young Greek god's, but too full-curved for ideal masculinity. In both faces the strong sensuous elements are held in check; in the one by the fiery enthusiasm of the poet, in the other by the mystical ardor of the apostle and martyr. Merriman partook of both. He had, moreover, a commanding figure. His manner was charming. His unmistakable earnestness and sincerity compelled respect. But his voice was worth more to him than all the rest together. It was one of those vibrant, sympathetic voices that run the gamut of the emotions and carry an audience along with it.

"Do you know," he was saying as I reached my seat, "I have heard people declare—good people, too, as the world goes—that they were opposed to Socialism because, in abolishing poverty, it would do away with the opportunity for practicing charity?" The scorn in his voice was so contagious that we all shared it without regard to our previous views. "Think of it! Think of a man, made in the image of God, daring to stand up before his fellow-men and use *charity* as an argument for perpetuating misery and suffering! The poor man must be starved that his rich neighbor's soul may be expanded by carrying him a basket of food! The poor man must shiver with cold, that Dives' heart may be warmed by sending him a load of fuel! He must go naked, that Mrs. Dives and her daughters, meeting their friends once a week at a church sewing circle, may find spiritual comfort in stitching up a few scanty garments for him! And *this* is Christianity!" Here his tone changed. The scorn died out.

He went on in a voice of exquisite tenderness. "It appears to me, if I have read my Bible aright, that St. Paul defines charity as something very different from and very superior to mere almsgiving. The time is coming when all men will be equally provided with the necessities of life, and when all will see that no man ought to usurp God's place and stand to his brother-man as dispenser of food, drink, shelter and clothing, that such a relationship is unnatural and infamous, that it humiliates the man who receives, destroying his self-respect and placing him under obligations which he should feel only toward his Maker, and that it corrupts the man who gives, puffing him up with an absurd idea of his own importance, virtue and superiority. But charity! What has charity to do with presents of money or anything that money can buy? When all men have their pressing material needs satisfied, will there be no sick-beds where we can watch? No houses of mourning where we can whisper words of comfort? No sorrows and disappointments and heartburnings to which we can offer the balm of sympathy? My friends, we need not be disturbed. While men and women live on this earth, there will be opportunities in abundance for charity. Above all, let us not use its holy name as an argument in favor of continuing a system of iniquity!

What we want is the charity that ennobles the receiver as well as the giver, not the charity that pauperizes.—Have you ever thought," he broke in, with a sudden change of manner and voice, "how our society rests at both ends on pauperism? At one extreme are the pauperized poor—sodden, ignorant, shiftless, often brutal, sometimes criminal. They are fed on alms, the fruit of other men's toil, and we despise them for it. At the other extreme are the pauperized rich. Does the phrase surprise you? It is not a metaphor, I assure you, but literal truth. They also do not work. They also live on the fruit of other men's toil. But because it comes in the form of coupons instead of alms, we do not despise them for it. On the contrary, we envy and admire them. It is true they are more attractive to look at. They and their clothes, their houses, their horses and their yachts are all objects of aesthetic satisfaction. Their counterparts in the tenements are dirty and ragged and repulsive. You see the difference. But these are as truly paupers as those. These, as much as the others, are supported by the community. The only source of wealth is labor. Any one who has wealth and does not labor has something that does not belong to him. He is a thief in the eyes of God, though not in the eyes of the law!"

Merriman paused to give his words their full effect. Then, with one of his subtle changes of voice, he took up a new division of his subject. He appealed to the Christianity of his audience. He said he could not understand a man's professing to believe in the teachings of the Christ and yet opposing Socialism, which was clearly included among them. He made numerous quotations from the New Testament in proof of this statement. Next he referred to the desirability of Socialism for the rich as well as the poor, the universal advantage of economic equality. Finally he considered its practicability, showing how the change could be introduced, step by step, without any violent revolution and how the system would work when perfected. He had his data well in hand, and seemed to be producing a surprising amount of conviction among the audience. Perhaps the effect wore off next day, but for the moment his listeners were certainly as clay in his hands.

Mutual friends introduced us at the close of the lecture. He had not, in private conversation, either the fire or the self-possession that distinguished him on the platform. He was, on the contrary, singularly shy and reserved. But his personality was still attractive.

I came to know him tolerably well that winter. We had interests in common that drew us together. I have never come in contact with any one for whose character I entertained a more sincere admiration. He was disinterestedness itself. Though his income was so meager that he had to practice the most rigid economy, though his well-brushed coat was shiny and his well-blacked shoes were patched, he resolutely and invariably refused to take money for his lectures on Socialism. "No one shall be able to suspect me of preaching God's truth for a living," he used to say. He was an idealist in every sense, a saint if ever one

walked the earth. In another age he would have been a martyr.

He lived in the East Side tenement district. He said he wanted to keep in touch with the people and that he felt most at home among them. He did not pose as a philanthropist, but he did a deal of good in a quiet way in spite of the slenderness of his purse, or perhaps on account of it. He was not rich enough to inspire envy or suspicion. He attended the meetings of the laboring men and worked in concert with the trades' unions. He was on friendly terms with the clergy, the school-teachers, the college settlements—every force that made for enlightenment amid the general darkness. Withal, he lived his own life and respected the privacy of his neighbors. His native delicacy made him incapable of the bustling, prying sort of benevolence that opens doors without knocking and thinks the alms it gives entitle it to ask the most impudent questions.

His rooms, a front tenement on the fifth floor of a great swarming rookery, must have afforded a glimpse of heaven to the lads from the street who visited him there. He had all a woman's sensitiveness to the aesthetic and her power of producing it in his surroundings. His "study" was the simplest of rooms, yet the most charming. There were always flowers in the windows, which were framed by spotless muslin curtains. There were shelves of books, some good etchings on the wall and a couple of well-chosen rugs on the floor. The tiny room had an atmosphere, an individuality which the most richly furnished apartments generally fail to attain.

We all felt that Merriman was bound to succeed in his chosen calling. His enthusiasm, added to his singleness of thought and purpose, made a force strong enough to carry him very far in a world where enthusiasm is rare and where most people fritter away their energy on a thousand things instead of concentrating it on one.

Much as we admired Merriman, it cannot be said that we felt any warm personal affection for him. There was a certain aloofness about him that chilled. His friends, if he can be said to have had any, were all of the East Side. As for us, we were only intellectual associates and more or less valuable co-workers in the cause that absorbed him. His sympathies lacked breadth. The troubles of his tenement neighbors called them out to the fullest extent, but the griefs of the well-to-do left him cold and unmoved. Perhaps some of the distance between him and us was of our own making. We could not help feeling that he was a sort of a living reproach. He was so much better than we were. None of us were making such vigorous and unselfish use of our talents. Many of us, in those days, shared his convictions, but we did little toward realizing them beyond paying our dues to the Socialist Society. He was what we all would have liked to be if we had only possessed the requisite courage and self-denial.

Meanwhile his lectures drew ever larger audiences. He became something of a fad among the fashionable set. I am afraid they cared more for the man than the cause. The women all thought him charming. They formed little Socialist clubs under his auspices. Intense girls tried to find in him their long-sought-for soul-companion. Sentimental girls wrote him notes and occasionally sent him their photographs. It was amusing to see how all this distressed and embarrassed him. He wanted to make converts among the wealthy, of course, and he was apparently succeeding, yet he could not but feel that something was lacking. He was genuinely puzzled. He was so thoroughly in earnest himself that he could make no allowance for dilettanteism in others.

I can see him now, standing in the midst of a circle of women at an afternoon tea. They plied him with questions about the East Side, the people, their lives, their sufferings. He answered from his heart. How else could he hope to touch theirs? But to those women it was merely a new sensation, like the last play or the last novel. The misery he described was not real to them. It only afforded a picturesque contrast to their own surroundings. It was not hard-heartedness on their part, but lack of imagination. Merriman dimly felt their attitude without fully understanding it. Even so, it made him wince like the rough handling of an open wound. His handsome face, incapable of concealment, showed his

(Continued on page 14.)



VENCEDOR



CANADA

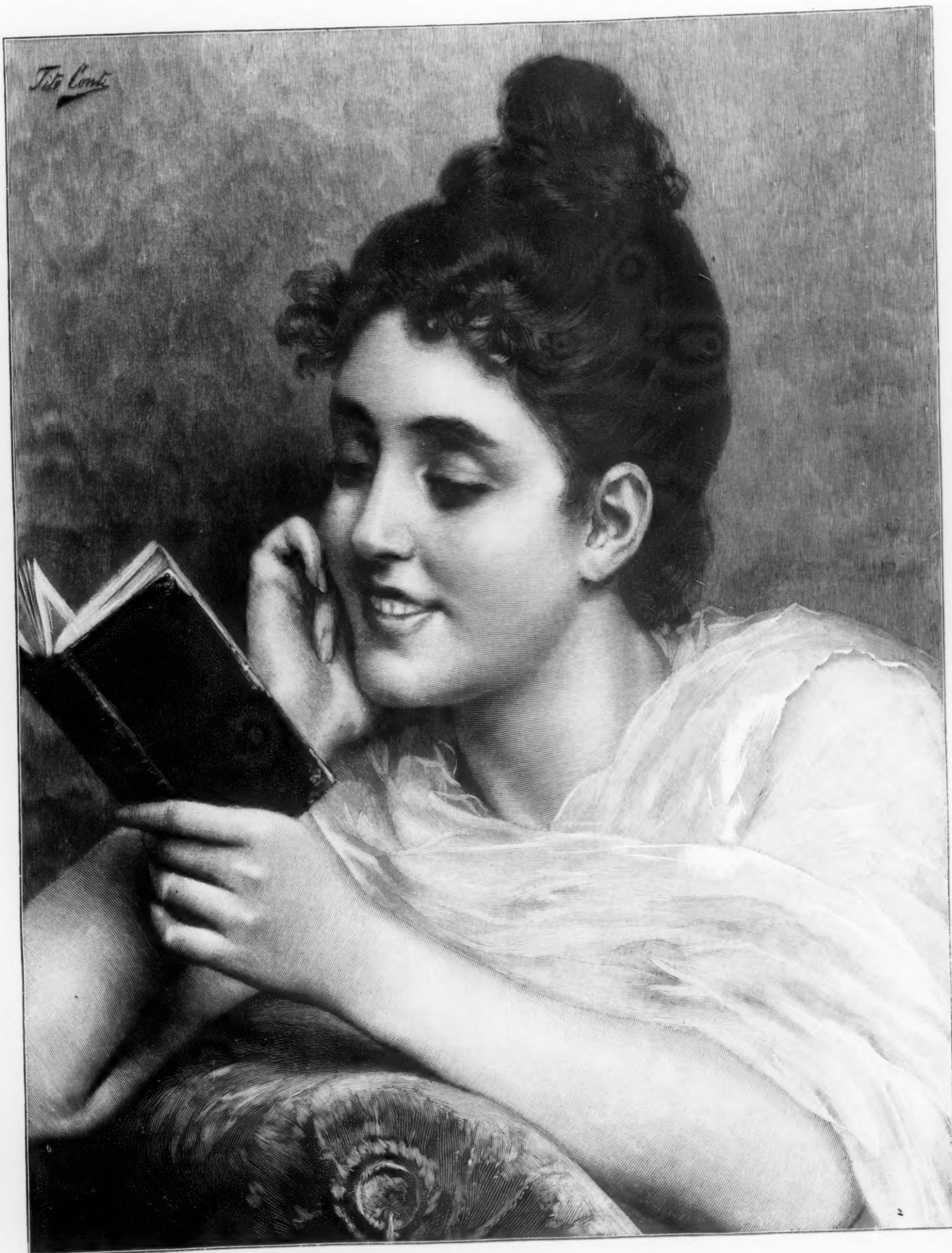
AMERICA vs. CANADA.—YACHT RACE BETWEEN THE "CANADA" AND "VENCEDOR" ON LAKE ERIE.

From photos. Copyright, 1886, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

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AN INTERESTING NOVEL.

THE CHANGE IN JOHN MERRIMAN.

(Continued from page 11.)

whole feeling to any one who took the trouble to read it.

In the spring Merriman left town on a lecturing tour, and I went abroad. I was gone several years. When I returned the old Socialist Society had ceased to exist. I saw and heard nothing of Merriman for fully five years more. I thought of him once in a while during the interval and wondered why he was not making himself heard from. I had expected him to be world-famous before this.

One day, on an elevated train, I saw him. At first I hardly recognized him. He was fleshier for one thing, and had veiled his handsome mouth by a mustache. He looked sleek and prosperous, and his clothes fitted him in a way that implied a skillful tailor. The apostle had somehow been transformed into the man of the world. He saw me at the same instant, and we greeted each other with real pleasure. He made me give him an account of myself up to date. That done, it was my turn to question.

"And you?"

He smiled proudly.

"I am married and have the best wife and three of the finest children a man was ever blessed with."

"Congratulate you!" said I. "Matrimony evidently agrees with you."

"Rather! We've got a nice little place out in the Jersey suburbs. You must see it. And I want you to know Mrs. Merriman and the little ones."

"I shall be delighted. But you haven't told the whole story yet. How's Socialism?"

A shade of embarrassment passed over his face.

"Why, I fancy you keep up with its history, don't you? It's coming on all right, I trust. But I'm not lecturing any more, if that's what you mean."

"No?" I exclaimed, less astonished than I should have expected to be, for his appearance had somewhat prepared me. "How's that? I thought it was a life-work. No change of opinion, surely?"

"No, oh, no!" he said with what seemed to me a wistful expression, a sort of appeal against adverse judgment. "I meant to devote my life to it, of course; and I didn't. There you've got it all in a nutshell. You see I hadn't reckoned on falling in love. But I fell—head over ears—and made her care for me and married her. And then, of course—well, you see, a man can starve himself if he pleases, but he hasn't any right to starve his wife and children."

"No doubt about that," I said, heartily. He was so apologetic that I felt sorry for him.

"Well, what are you doing?"

At this question he looked fairly crushed.

"I don't know what you will think of it. It's not the work I would have chosen. But it pays. It makes the 'gude wife' and the 'bairnies' comfortable. I am private secretary to Mr. Van Campen."

"What, the railway magnate? The great capitalist?"

"The same."

I could not help laughing. He looked so utterly miserable after his confession.

"Gathering statistics in the camp of the enemy?" I suggested.

"No," said he, "I'm not a spy. He pays me for loyal service and he gets it."

"Don't you have any time for lecturing after hours?"

"Plenty of time; but I don't dare do it. Mr. Van Campen would hardly relish reading in the newspapers about his secretary's lecture on Socialism. I don't want you to think I've gone over to the Philistines. Indeed my heart

GOOD NEWS FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri River, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee, which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep-growing in that State.

Improved farming, the growing of live stock, and the products of the dairy, are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful Western States.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 396 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

is still with the reformers, but my hands are tied."

"Is Mrs. Merriman a Socialist?" I asked.

"No," he said, apologetically. "That is—"

"Don't explain!" I cried, laughing still.

"Time has wrought many changes in you, John Merriman. I can't tell whether they represent, on the whole, an upward or a downward movement—evolution or retrogression. But you're a deal more human!"

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

A FEARFUL whisper has been voiced across Europe within the last few days: the Czar is threatened with insanity. Always of a nervous temperament, he inherits from his mother, the shock he received during the coronation fêtes at Moscow, on account of the disaster on the Hodinsky Plain, has developed into an acute form. A life of terror such as the Czar leads would shake the strongest frame. It depends on himself to mitigate the evil, and inaugurate the much-needed reforms which the Russian people demand. Unhappily there is hereditary insanity in the Danish royal family. The Princess Thyra, now Duchess of Cumberland, was, since her marriage, an inmate of a maison de santé for a couple of years. She is now quite restored, and lives with her husband and children at Grindum. The Princess of Wales was similarly affected, though in a milder form, on the death of her favorite son, the late Duke of Clarence.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, on their return from London, where they were present at the marriage of their second son, Prince Charles, to the Princess Maud of Wales, visited Paris, where they sojourned at the Hotel Meurice. They were accompanied by their daughters, the Princesses Ingeborg and Thyra, eighteen and sixteen years of age, who were two of the bridesmaids at their brother's wedding. The suite consisted of a retinue of eight persons. The party traveled incog., the Crown Prince taking the title of Count de Kronborg. He is a tall, slight man fifty-three years of age, very like his brother, the King of Greece. He is a great pedestrian, and with his daughters often walked about Paris, enjoying the sights in the Champs Elysées and along the Boulevards. His wife, Princess Louise of Sweden and Norway, cannot walk without a cane so is obliged to take carriage exercise only. Among their visitors at the Hotel Meurice were Prince Henri d'Orléans, Katzow, Consul-General of Russia, François Carnot, and M. Giers.

News has reached Paris of the death of Rainilaari-von, formerly Prime Minister to the Queen of Madagascar. He was seventy years of age, and had been in delicate health for some time past.

A council of Turkish Ministers met lately at Idirkiosk to deliberate on the attitude of Greece in the Cretan insurrection and to discuss the incursion of bands of Greeks into Macedonia.

King Leopold of Belgium and the Queen Regent of Holland have given their patronage to the Netherlands Congress which is now being held at the Theater Royal, Antwerp. It was opened on August 21.

The congress of history and archaeology recently opened at Ghent, Belgium, was a great success. Delegates arrived from all parts of the Continent of Europe. Count de Marsy, president of the Archaeological Society of Compiègne, thanked the citizens of Ghent for the enthusiastic reception given to the delegates.

During his visit to Holland Li Hung Chang conferred the Order of the Red Dragon on a hotel-keeper at The Hague and bestowed silver medals of the same Order on two of the coachmen of the Queen Regent.

Li Hung Chang's visit to Queen Victoria at Osborne was arranged by Lord Salisbury, who escorted the Chinese Viceroy to Victoria Station, London, in a royal landau, with scarlet-liveried servants, as all the Queen's domestics are thus costumed. They traveled from Victoria to Portsmouth by special train, and were conveyed in the royal yacht from Portsmouth across the Solent to the Isle of Wight. Luncheon was served at Osborne Castle, after which Lord Salisbury introduced the distinguished Celestial to the Queen who received him most graciously. The Prince of Wales was present.

The Suez Canal Company at their last meeting in Paris unanimously elected the Prince d'Aremburg as president of the company.

M. di Rudini, the Italian Prime Minister, declines for the present to have a general election. There is a deficit of thirty million lire in the Budget. He hopes to be able to tide over the difficulty by the military and school tax and other tithe. The circulation of paper money causes much anxiety throughout the Italian Peninsula. The situation becomes more and more complicated every day.

Crispi, the ex-Prime Minister of Italy, was subjected to a very hostile demonstration during his sojourn at the baths of Albano. The Italians have never forgiven him for the disasters of the Abyssinian expedition and the scandals of the Banca Romana.

The summer fêtes at Monte Carlo, Monaco, began on August 2, and are on a scale of unusual brilliancy. The balls are very well attended.

The good people of Dijon, France, have no notion of parting with their beloved bull-fights. Time was when they were quite satisfied when the blood of one ox reddened the dust of the Velodrome. Now they have no less than five or six, with a few horses thrown in, and ripped up, on a Sunday afternoon, all butchered to make a Dijonese Holiday.

Prince Abbe Maximilian of Saxony has, since his ordination to the priesthood, signed his act of renunciation to the throne of Saxony. This act will be void in case of the failure of an heir. But such an event is not likely, as Prince Max has three brothers living, the eldest of whom has two sons.

The Duc d'Orléans is about to issue a manifesto to his adherents on the occasion of his marriage to the Austrian Princess Amelie Dorothée, daughter of the Grand Duke Joseph. The Duc hopes his alliance with the Imperial and royal House of Austria will strengthen his claim to the throne of France. Nous verrons.

The maids and matrons of Saragossa are at present too demonstrative, in the eyes of the Spanish Government. By order of the Executive telephone communication has been suppressed between the cities of Madrid and Saragossa. Much comment has been caused thereon. The women of Saragossa have renewed their manifestations of hostility against Cuba, and also against sending out re-enforcements to the Pearl of the Antilles.

The city of Zurich, Switzerland, has been in a state of turmoil, on account of the incursions of Italians and other foreign workmen. A free fight took place; a Swiss was killed by an Italian. Peace was restored at the point of the bayonet by the police, who charged down and cleared the streets.

Valencia in Spain witnessed a revolutionary uprising on the 5th of August. Fifty warlike individuals paraded the streets with loaded revolvers. They were arrested by the police.

Five hundred horses were destroyed by fire in one night at Rueta. Help was sent to the inhabitants from the neighboring city of Valladolid.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was in a state of total eclipse during the recent strike at the gas works. Factories and business houses were closed and the workmen dismissed. The theaters were illuminated by petroleum lamps and paper lanterns, as also the cafes and cigar shops. The strike arose among the native employees, who objected to the advent of strangers into the works of the company, and asked that the foreigners should be sent away. This demand the gas company refused to comply with, and dismissed eight hundred of the Portuguese workmen, replacing them with Belgians and others.

Through some defect in the sewers constructed by the Engineer Berlier, the waters of the River Seine, which flows through the middle of Paris, have been poisoned. Infection could thus be spread on both banks of the river. The Parisian Board of Health is now investigating the matter.

A disastrous fire broke out in the docks at Nantes, France. An entire building covering an area of one thousand square yards was completely destroyed. The losses are estimated at one million francs. The store, which was situated at the corner of the Boulevard de Sébastopol and the Rue des Docks, contained cases of nitrate of soda, guano, naphtha oil, preserved foods and other inflammable substances. No lives were lost in the disaster.

The Ministerial crisis in Germany has never been so acute as at present. According to the German papers, since the fall of Bismarck the situation has never been so critical. The Emperor has ordered Admiral Tirpitz to draft a new bill to be presented to the Reichstag, demanding over a hundred million marks for the increase of the navy. The greatest precautions are taken all along the railway lines over which Emperor William II. travels. He hoped to entertain the Czar and Czarina by a grand military fete to commemorate the anniversary of Sedan; but Czar Nicholas refused to be present.

The betrothal of the Prince of Naples and the Princess Elena of Montenegro is officially announced. The Princess will embrace Catholicity. The metropolitan of Cettinge consenting, the Czar's consent will be required before the marriage can take place. The Princess and her sister were on a visit in Venice, where they were received by Queen Marguerite. In three weeks the Jubilee of the Montenegrin dynasty will be celebrated at Cettinge, the capital of the country. The Prince of Naples will be present as the representative of his father, King Humbert of Italy. This will be his first visit to Montenegro, and great preparations are being made for his reception. The Guard of Honor to attend him will consist of Montenegrin officials who have completed their studies in the Military School of Modena, Italy.

News from Tangiers, Morocco, announces the discovery of a plot to dethrone Muley-Abd-el-Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, and proclaim in his stead his nephew, Muley Mahomet. The conspirators are said to be six of the Provincial Governors. A reign of terror prevails throughout the country.

The inundations of the Nile are decreasing, and arrangements are being rapidly pushed forward in connection with the Anglo-Egyptian expedition to the Soudan. In fifteen days the troops will move on from Kosheh across the Congo Free State. At the same time Baron Dahlm will lead the Belgians, traversing the White Nile to occupy Lado. A concerted plan of action has been agreed on between the Anglo-Egyptian forces and the Belgians, who will continue to rout the followers of the Mahdi and conquer the Soudan. Thus Gordon's tragic death at Khartoum will be avenged.

The Arctic explorer, Dr. Nansen, has arrived at Tromsø, Norway, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The town was en fete to welcome him. He will soon proceed to England, to address the British Association, at their annual meeting in Liverpool, September 16.

Dr. Norman Lockyer, the eminent astronomer, announces in the London *Times* that Mr. Shaderton, on board the "Ontario" at Nova Zembla, has taken various photographs of the recent solar eclipse. These will neutralize the results obtained by the Norwegian and Japanese expeditions.

Count Maximilian Spaur, whose death has just occurred in Bavaria, managed the flight of Pope Pius IX. from Rome to Gaeta in 1848, he being at that time Bavarian Ambassador to the Holy See.

The office of Grand Prior of the Knights of Malta, vacant by the death of the late Cardinal Monaco la Valetta, will be offered to Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State.

THE WEEK AT HOME.

THE Ordnance Department has been testing a spring return gun-carriage at the Indian Head proving station, and it is said the test has proved in every way satisfactory. It is likely to increase the efficiency of battleship batteries and decrease the danger of the mechanism for handling the guns being rendered useless under ordinary conditions of battle. It does away with hydraulic power in handling the guns. One man can handle the heaviest ordnance with the new device, which is a system of springs, while electric rammers are used to shove home the projectiles, weighing from three hundred to eleven hundred pounds. The Ordnance Bureau has been working for years on the invention. The energy demanded of these springs to return a gun to battery varies from thirty thousand to forty thousand pounds. One of the heaviest guns of the service was called into action and five shots, with charges from average to excessive service, were used to give it the most severe trial possible, but there was not a sign of weakness after any of the shots, and each fire seemed to improve, if anything, the ease with which it worked.

Candidate Bryan visited Senator Hill Tuesday of last week at the latter's home, Wolpert's Roost, Albany, and dined with him, after which he addressed a crowd of about eight thousand persons from the steps of the City Hall. The Senator was not present at the meeting, and the political sharps are still figuring on his probable attitude during the campaign.

The atrocities in Cuba seem to go on without cessation. Every day brings fresh news of the murder of non-combatants by the Spanish forces. The latest, which comes by way of Havana, relates that at La Esperanza, Santa Clara, two young men named Grau and Rodriguez were assassinated after having been clubbed in order to force a declaration from them. The two youths were residents of Cienfuegos, and it was supposed by the authorities that they were bound for the patriot army. At the same time come advices of repeated Cuban victories. These reports, it is needless to say, do not pass General Weyler's censors, but are conveyed by other means to the Junta in New York.

The Secretary of State has been notified that an American citizen, Charles Govin, correspondent of the *Equator-Democrat* of Key West, was murdered by Spanish soldiers, July 9. Arthur Alvarez y Valdez, a Cuban who escaped to Florida, told of the murder. He, Mr. Govin and another were in hiding after the battle near Jaruco, and on the approach of some troops he says Govin and the other man left their hiding-place and advanced smilingly to meet them. "I believe," he continues, "Mr. Govin took the Spanish forces to be Cubans. The troops bound Mr. Govin and his companion with ropes, and after some loud talking, which I could not very well understand, they took Govin and his companion aside, and two of the Spanish soldiers commenced to hack them over the head with machetes while two others fired their guns at them. I am not positive if the shots wounded them or not. I saw that he (Charles Govin) and his companion were killed. This took place July 9, 1896. The soldiers, after killing them, dug a grave and buried the two men in one grave." The outrage, he says, was ordered by General Ochoa, who was in command of the detachment.

Lord Chief Justice Russell of England, who recently landed in New York and attended the meeting of the Bar Association at Saratoga, is now in Canada. He and his party were entertained Monday of last week by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto. They were subsequently the guests of the Toronto Board of Trade and other public bodies. Lord Russell expressed his appreciation of his reception in the United States and declared it would give him great pleasure if there was any good results from his address before the American Bar Association.

President Cleveland has announced the appointment of David R. Francis, ex-Governor of Missouri, as Secretary of the Interior in place of Hovey Smith, who recently resigned. The new Secretary's career has been brief but interesting. Thirteen years ago he was president of the St. Louis Board of Trade, and in that capacity showed such remarkable executive ability that his friends urged him to go into politics and become a candidate

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for the office of Mayor of St. Louis. He was strongly opposed by the politicians, but managed to capture the nomination and was elected by a large majority. He served as Mayor for four years and was then nominated for Governor to succeed Governor Morehouse. He inaugurated many reforms during his term of office and brought the industrial and commercial interests of St. Louis to the attention of Eastern capitalists. It was due to his efforts that large sums of Eastern money were invested in the development of the resources of Missouri. Mr. Francis has been at the head of one of the largest grain firms in the West for many years.

The Rev. John McMillan Stevenson, D.D., secretary emeritus of the American Tract Society, is dead. He died at his home in Hawthorne, N. J., at the age of eighty-four years. He had been associated with the Tract Society during the greater part of his life.

The Rev. John H. Campbell, a Universalist minister of Buffalo, N. Y., who died recently, left a legacy of remarkable value to the Players' Club. Mr. Campbell, who had a large circle of friends among theatrical men, possessed a large collection of prompt-books, programmes, pictures and autographs of actors, and other valuable stage relics, and these he bequeathed to the club. It is said to have been the largest private collection in the country.

Laborers digging near Franklin, N. J., recently uncovered a large number of human bones of unusually large size, and it is believed that they have come upon an old Indian burying-place. Old inhabitants declare that the spot is the burying-ground of the once famous Povershun tribe of Indians, who held sway in that section many years ago. Near Povershun Hill a bloody battle was fought between the Povershun and Aquackanock tribes, the scene of which is pointed out by old settlers. Abram Postax, who died about twenty years ago at the age of nearly ninety, often said that he saw the last Povershun Indian, and the red man was more than seven feet tall.

John F. Chamberlain, the noted hotel-keeper of Washington, D. C., died August 23, in Saratoga.

Dispatches from Butte, Mont., state that gold has been struck near Gaylord, in Madison County, and that hundreds of prospectors are rushing to the ground. The surface ore, of which several car loads have been shipped, has yielded from four hundred to five hundred dollars per ton, and the returns from twelve car loads closely approach one hundred thousand dollars. Another car load of select rock, which is about ready for shipment, is expected to yield not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. All this has been taken from the surface cut, and as the locators have been at work only since about July 1, it remains yet to be seen whether it comes from a true vein or is only a deposit in the lime formation in which it is found. The ore is guarded by men with rifles.

Messrs. S. Cano, K. Kono and T. Tano of Tokio, Japan, are now in Indiana studying the oil fields in that State. Oil has been found in Japan, though the mode of operation is such as to render the margin of profit quite small. These men came to ascertain the American way of operating, and hope, with improved machinery, to put their wells on a paying basis.

OUR CELESTIAL GUEST.

Major-General Thomas A. Ruger, U.S.A., commanding the Department of the East, is acting, by direction of President Cleveland, as his representative in receiving Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Envoy, who is stopping at the Waldorf Hotel, where he is the guest of the nation. The programme for his entertainment includes a reception by the President at Mr. Whitney's house, visits to Grant's tomb, the Military Academy at West Point, Washington, Niagara Falls and other points of interest; a review of the Seventh Regiment, a demonstration by the residents of Chinatown and a luncheon tendered by representative business men. Representatives of the Canadian Government will meet him at Niagara and escort him to Vancouver, from which port he will sail for home.

There were several notable incidents connected with Li's visit to England which are worth recording. He visited the Queen at Osborne, accompanied by his suite, and was introduced by Lord Salisbury. The Queen was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Sparta. On August 8 the Envoy paid a graceful tribute to the memory of General Gordon. Early in the morning he drove to the statue of Gordon in Trafalgar Square, and laid upon its pedestal a beautiful wreath of laurel and flowers bearing the inscription, "To the soldier and friend of China,

A tribute of respect from Li Hung Chang." When one of his suite had affixed the wreath his Excellency advanced and made a deep obeisance to the statue. Li Hung Chang then drove to St. Paul's Cathedral, where he was met by Canon Newbold, and a small procession was formed to the black marble cenotaph commemorating General Gordon. Another magnificent wreath had already been placed upon the tomb, at which Li Hung Chang now bowed himself twice. In the afternoon of the same day the Grand Secretary journeyed to Hatfield House, where a garden-party was given in his honor by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury.

THE LATE LADY TENNYSON.

The Dowager Lady Tennyson died on Monday, August 10, but till she had completed, we are told, the revision of the proofs of the biographical portion of her husband's Life, in the preparation of which she had taken the liveliest interest. She survived the Poet Laureate nearly four years. Lady Tennyson was the daughter of Mr. Henry Sellwood, and niece of the great Arctic explorer, Admiral Sir John Franklin, and was born in 1813. She lived the early part of her life in Lincolnshire, where she first met her future husband, but they were not married till the year of Wordsworth's death, in 1850. Lady Tennyson exerted the utmost influence on the Poet Laureate's use of his genius, and that many of the shades of thought and feeling in his poems were due to her fine and delicate criticisms there is little doubt.

THE VANDERBILT-WHITNEY WEDDING.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Harry Payne Whitney, eldest son of former Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, were married August 25 in Newport, at the home of the bride's father. The wedding was conspicuous for its simplicity and privacy. The guests were limited to about a score, outside of the members of the two families. But for the illness of Mr. Vanderbilt, the wedding would have been celebrated in Trinity Church with splendor.

The legal part of the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. George J. Magill, rector of Trinity Church. The Episcopal ritual was read by Bishop H. C. Potter, who also pronounced the benediction. The whole ceremony lasted only a few minutes. It was followed by a breakfast, after which the bride and bridegroom drove to Fort Adams and boarded W. K. Vanderbilt's yacht, the "Valiant," and steamed down the Sound. The bridesmaids were Miss Minnie Taylor, Miss Angelica Gerry, Miss Edith Shepard, Miss Emily Sloane and Miss Leila Sloane, the three last being Miss Vanderbilt's cousins. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Payne Whitney, the best man, who came from Europe to attend the wedding. The ushers were Messrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, brother of the bride; C. C. Baldwin, P. L. Cottet, P. H. McMillan and F. L. Polk.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A ROWBOAT.

The "Fox," a rowboat 18 feet 4 inches long and 5 feet 4 inches wide, arrived at Sicily from this city August 1, having on board George Harvo, aged thirty-one, and Frank Samuelsen, aged twenty-six, natives of Norway but American citizens. Mr. Harvo reported that they left New York at 5 P.M. on the 6th of June last. They encountered a heavy gale from the west, July 7, and had great difficulty in keeping the boat free, the sea continually breaking on board, keeping one of them baling. The gale continued with more or less force until 9 P.M. on the 10th, when a heavy sea struck the "Fox" and capsized her, throwing the crew into the water. After a few minutes they succeeded in righting her and getting on board and baling her out. All her provisions, sea-anchor, cooking utensils, signal lights, and several articles which were not lashed to the boat were lost. They suffered severely from cold and having to remain in their wet clothing. Both men are in good health, though looking weather-beaten from their long exposure. They pulled two pairs of paddles during the day, and at night kept watches of three and a half hours' interval, one man pulling while the other slept.

THE YACHT RACE ON LAKE ERIE.

Great has been the interest in the international yacht race on Lake Erie last week between the Royal Canadian Yacht "Canada" and the American yacht "Vencedor," and although the contest ended with our defeat there has been none of the bitterness of feeling which we have been accustomed recently to associate with international yacht racing. The contest was decided Wednes-

day of last week when, after one of the greatest races ever seen on fresh water, the "Canada" won the championship of the Lakes by the narrow margin of twenty-six seconds, corrected time, and incidentally won the beautiful silver challenge trophy and sixty per cent of the fifteen hundred dollars in gold offered by the citizens of Toledo. While the "Vencedor" was defeated, she sailed a great race, and actually beat the "Canada" three minutes thirty-one seconds over the course, but lost the race on corrected time, as she had to allow the Fife boat a handicap of three minutes fifty-seven seconds.

THE PARAGON OF EXHIBITIONS.

The major part of the entries having now been made for Toronto's big exhibition, which is to be held from August 31 to September 12, it is possible to state definitely that the scale of the exhibition will really be greater than ever. Never before did the exhibits cover such a wide range as they will this year. It almost looks as if every province had striven to do its best to make the exhibition worthy of the country. This of course is not only patriotic but is intensely gratifying, because it shows when the material prosperity of the Dominion is concerned, sectional differences are forgotten. At the forthcoming exhibition in Toronto there will be seen food products of Prince Edward Island; food products, manufactures, fruit and live stock of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; an extensive display of horses and cattle, manufactures and minerals from Quebec; the products of forests, waters, mines, gardens, farms, studs, workshops and art studios of Ontario; the grain, minerals and horses of Manitoba; the grain and minerals of the Northwest; and cereals, fish and minerals of British Columbia. The Governments of Ontario, the Dominion and British Columbia will make special exhibits of the wealth of the earth, while the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will supplement these displays by showing cereals, vegetables and minerals from many points on their lines, to the extent of double what the Company has shown in other years. In art especially will the exhibition be strong, with the three pictures painted by F. M. Bell-Smith, illustrating incidents connected with the death of Sir John Thompson, at Windsor Castle, for one of which pictures her Majesty the Queen, Princess Beatrice and members of the royal household gave special sittings. There will be Edison's wonderful Eeloskop, an electric theater; Ontario Trotting Horse Breeders' stake races; Lockhart's performing elephants; the magnificent historical spectacle, entitled the "Feast of Nations" and commemorating the "Taking of the Bastille," and a thousand and one other things; while in consideration of the cattle being on show the first week the railways have agreed to grant one fare for the round trip for the entire exhibition from all points in Canada, and to run a special cheap excursion the first week, on September 3, and two the second week.



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